

du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
it hurts inside like a
diamond I can't reach.
the summer is a place for the
fly.
the walls bang like
drums.
this is why I sleep
late, this is why
when my daughter runs across the room
I wonder about
killers
spiders
freightcars
Lexington, Kentucky and
coat hangers.
du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
the Spaniards had it
right -- they knew what to wait on and
watch for.
I burn my fingers lighting a
cigarette.

Another Academy

how they can go on, you see them
sitting in old doorways
with dirty stained caps and thick clothes and
no place to go;
heads bent down, arms on
knees they
wait.
or they stand in front of the Mission
700 of them
quiet as oxen
waiting to be let into the chapel
where they will sleep upright on the hard benches
leaning against each other
snoring and
dreaming;
men
without.

in New York City
where it often gets colder
and they are hunted by their own
kind, the men often get under the car radiators
drink the anti-freeze,
get warm and graceful for some minutes, then
die.

but that is an older
culture and a wiser
one;
here they scratch and
wait,
while on Sunset Boulevard the
hippies and yippies
hitchhike in
\$50
boots.

out in front of the Mission I heard one guy say to
another:

"John Wayne won it."

"Won what?" said the other guy
tossing the last of his rolled cigarette into the
street.

I thought that was
rather good.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Tiger

Tiger does not nest
with birds

He moves his pelt alone
and spends it freely

Tiger loves the forest
so does not burn

He is never hurt
except by bone

Then he dies

Quarry

one who has watched
long the green rain
knows the noise
it takes to fell a leaf
inside a grey day

then the blasting begins
in the quarry
to get stone